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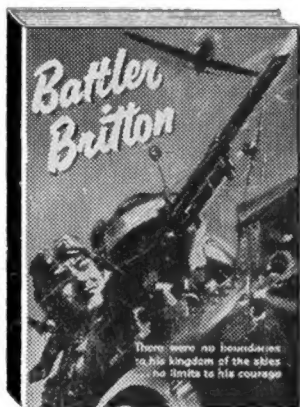
*Harrison*

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## BATTLER BRITTON

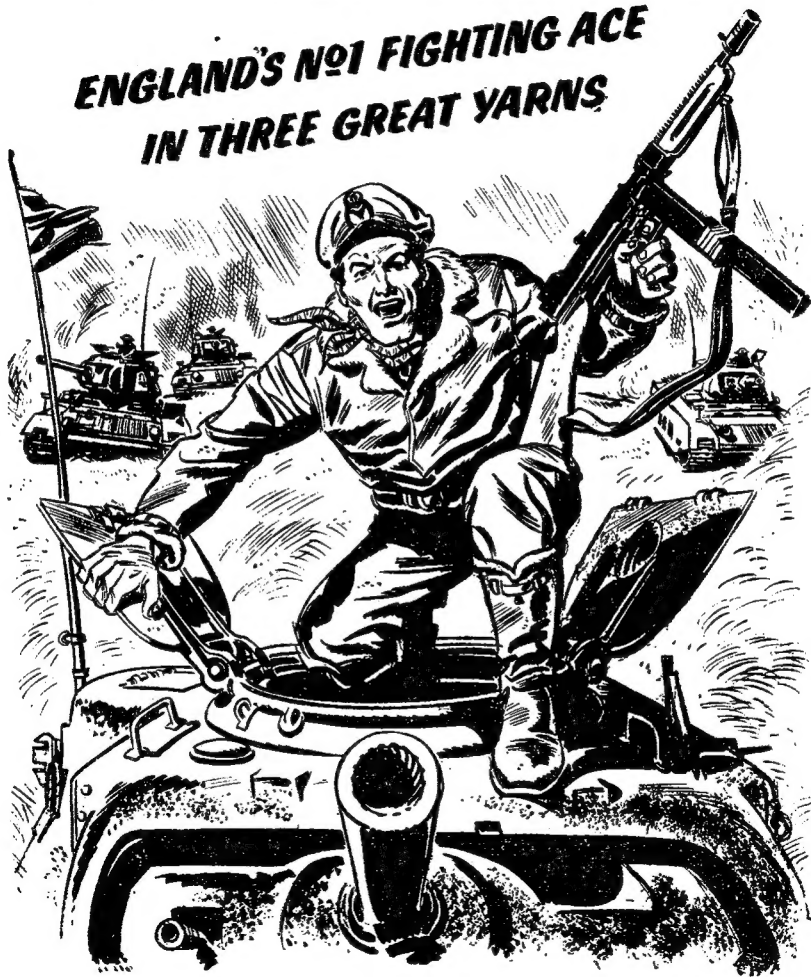
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# BATTLER BRITTON

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# BATTLER BRITTON

AND THE

## Secret Agent

ONE OF THE LONELIER JOBS DURING THE WAR WAS THAT OF A SECRET AGENT. ALONE AND IN HOSTILE COUNTRY, HIS TASK WAS THE DANGEROUS ONE OF OBTAINING MILITARY INFORMATION FROM THE ENEMY AND PASSING IT BACK TO HEADQUARTERS IN BRITAIN. AND WHEN ONLY TOO OFTEN, THE GESTAPO CLOSED IN UPON HIM, HIS ONLY HOPE USUALLY LAY IN THE SKILL OF AN INTREPID NIGHT FLIER OF THE R.A.F... SENT TO SNATCH HIM FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH...



AT LAST!  
AND IN THE  
NICK OF TIME, TOO.  
THE GESTAPO ARE  
ALREADY SEARCHING  
THE DISTRICT FOR  
ME.

WING COMMANDER ROBERT BRITTON, BETTER KNOWN AS 'BATTLER' BRITTON, GAZED FROM THE COCKPIT OF HIS MOSQUITO AND SAW THE WINKING SPOT OF LIGHT BELOW...



THE AIRCRAFT TOUCHED DOWN ON THE ROUGH EARTH AND ROLLED TO A HALT WITH ENGINES IDLING. A DARK FIGURE RAN FROM THE CLUMP OF TREES TOWARDS IT...



THE SECRET AGENT SCRAMBLED INTO THE AIRCRAFT AND DROPPED INTO THE SEAT BEHIND BATTLER WITH A SIGH OF RELIEF...



AS THE GESTAPO CAR SCREAMED ROUND THE LAST BEND IN THE ROAD, BATTLER LIFTED THE MOSQUITO FROM THE GROUND AND ROARED STRAIGHT TOWARDS THEM...







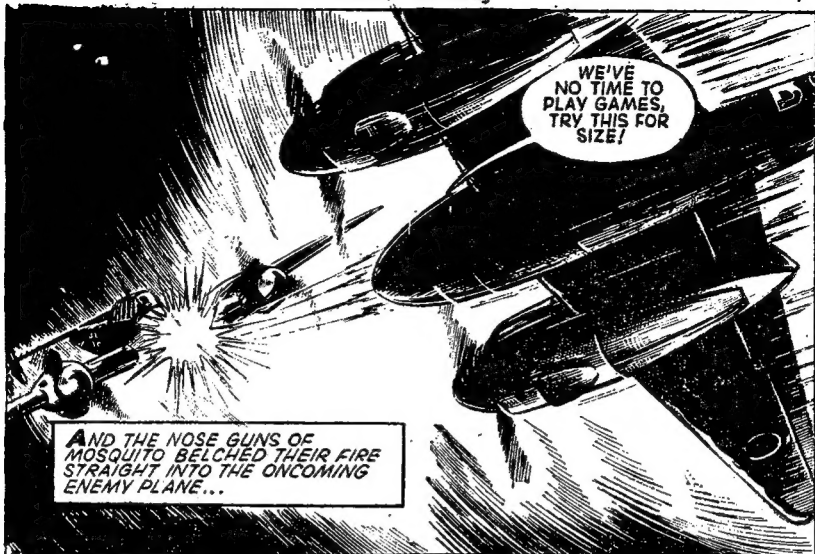
AND, AS THE MOSQUITO ROARED AWAY INTO THE NIGHT, THE GESTAPO MEN HAULED THEMSELVES, DRENCHED AND ANGRY, FROM THE COLD WATERS OF THE CANAL...



THE GERMANS WERE QUICK TO ACT AND, EVEN AS BATTLE FLEW OUT OVER THE DUTCH COAST, AN ENEMY NIGHT FIGHTER SWOOPED IN TO INTERCEPT HIM...







WE'VE  
NO TIME TO  
PLAY GAMES,  
TRY THIS FOR  
SIZE!

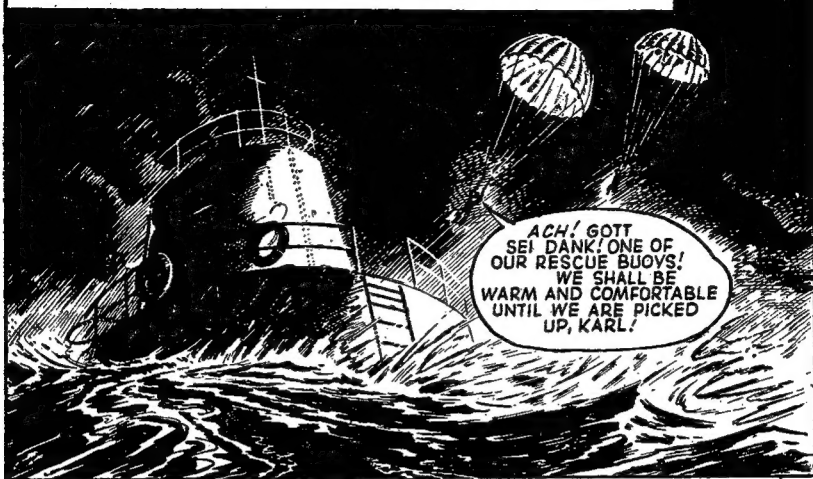
AND THE NOSE GUNS OF  
MOSQUITO BELCHED THEIR FIRE  
STRAIGHT INTO THE ONCOMING  
ENEMY PLANE...



WITH A  
SHATTERING ROAR  
THE GERMAN  
FIGHTER BLEW UP  
AND THE MOSQUITO  
TOSSED LIKE A  
LEAF IN THE BLAST  
OF THE EXPLOSION...

SORRY ABOUT  
THIS Q.14. I'M  
AFRAID WE'LL HAVE  
TO DITCH... THAT  
LITTLE SHAKE UP  
HASN'T DONE THE  
OLD BUS MUCH  
GOOD!

**SHAKEN BY THEIR EXPERIENCE, BUT MIRACULOUSLY UNHURT, THE CREW OF THE GERMAN FIGHTER FLOATED DOWN BY THEIR PARACHUTES TO THE DARK SEA BENEATH...**



**UNAWARE THAT THE GERMAN AIRCREW HAD SURVIVED AND WERE NOT FAR AWAY, BATTLER BROUGHT HIS BATTERED MOSQUITO DOWN ...**



UNDAUNTED BY THIS UNEXPECTED DIFFICULTY, BATTLER TOWED HIS COMPANION TOWARDS THE BUOY...



WITH POWERFUL STROKES BATTLER REACHED HIS GOAL AND CLAMBERED ONTO THE IRON PLATING OF THE LOWER DECK. THEN HE STOOPED TO HELP THE SECRET AGENT...





**CALLOUSLY THE GERMAN KICKED BATTLER'S UNCONSCIOUS FORM OVER THE SIDE INTO THE SEA BEFORE TURNING TO JOIN HIS COMPANION. . .**



THE GERMANS HERDED THEIR CAPTIVE INTO THE CABIN AND BOUND HIM HAND AND FOOT, THEN THEY SETTLED THEMSELVES COMFORTABLY TO AWAIT RESCUE BY A PATROLLING E-BOAT...

ACH! IS GOOT! I SHALL ALMOST BE SORRY TO BE TAKEN OFF WHEN THE E BOAT CALLS!

IT WILL BE HERE SOON... THE PATROL VISITS THIS BUOY EVERY FOUR HOURS, AFTER WE GET ASHORE YOUR TROUBLES WILL START, ENGLANDER!



BUT THE GERMANS WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SO CONTENTED HAD THEY KNOWN WHAT WAS GOING ON OUTSIDE THEIR CABIN, FOR THE JOY WATER HAD REVIVED BATTLER. AT THAT VERY MOMENT, HE WAS BUSY WITH HIS OWN ARRANGEMENTS FOR RESCUE...

IT'S NEARLY DAWN! WITH ANY LUCK THERE'LL BE AN AIR/SEA RESCUE LAUNCH OR A WALRUS ALONG ANY TIME NOW TO ANSWER MY DITCHING CALL! LET'S ONLY HOPE THEY GET HERE BEFORE AN E-BOAT SHOWS UP!



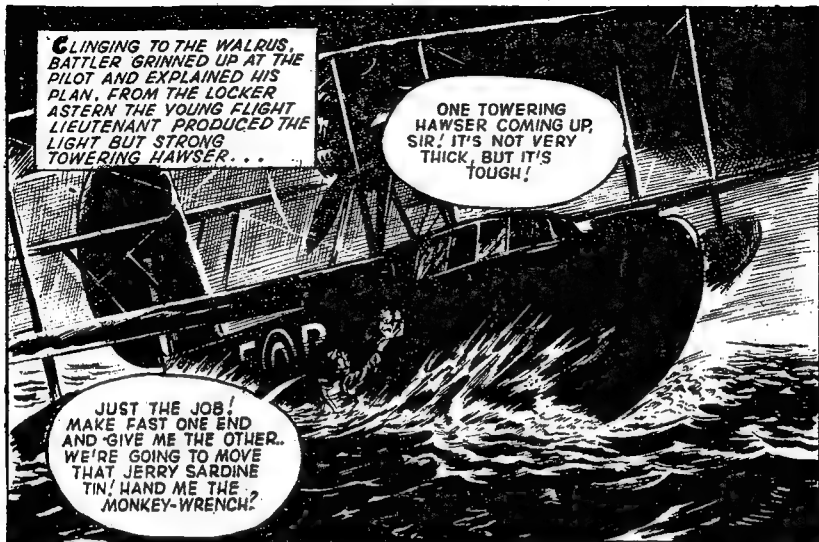
TEN MINUTES LATER BATTLER'S KEEN EARS CAUGHT THE FIRST FAINT SOUND FOR WHICH HE HAD BEEN WAITING. RAISING THE TORCH, HE FLASHED A RAPID MESSAGE IN MORSE. . .



THE WALRUS PILOT GOT THE IDEA IN A FLASH. WITH ENGINE CUT, HE BROUGHT DOWN HIS AMPHIBIAN ONTO THE SEA AND COASTED SILENTLY TO A STANDSTILL A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE GERMAN BUOY. . .







**HIS LUCK WAS IN, AND BATTLER WORKED RAPIDLY. WITH THE SHACKLE PIN UNSCREWED, THE HEAVY ANCHOR CHAIN DROPPED AWAY TO THE SEA BED. . .**



**WITH THE HAWSER SECURELY FASTENED TO THE MOORING RING, BATTLER SWAM TO THE SURFACE AND QUIETLY HOISTED HIMSELF ON TO THE SLIPPERY DECK OF THE BUOY. . .**



**BELOW DECKS, THE TWO GERMANS HAD JUST RECEIVED A COMFORTING CALL ON THE RADIO. . .**

**ACHTUNG! ACHTUNG!  
E-BOAT 57 CALLING RESCUE  
BUOY Z.I. SHALL BE ALONGSIDE  
IN TEN MINUTES, IF ANYBODY IS  
ABOARD, FLASH YOUR SIGNAL  
LAMP AND PREPARE TO  
EMBARK!**



LISTENING INTENTLY, BATTLER HEARD THE DISTANT THROB OF POWERFUL ENGINES... THE ENGINES OF A GERMAN E-BOAT! QUICKLY HE SIGNALLED TO THE PILOT OF THE WAITING WALRUS...



THE WALRUS ENGINE ROARED INTO LIFE AND THE PLANE MOVED SLOWLY AHEAD, GENTLY TAKING UP THE STRAIN OF THE TOWING CABLE. THE HEAVY BUOY BEGAN TO MOVE, PITCHING AND LURCHING IN THE WAKE OF THE AIRCRAFT...



AS THE BUOY LURCHED AND BEGAN TO MOVE, THE GERMANS LEAPT TO THEIR FEET WITH SHOUTS OF ALARM...



THE FIRST GERMAN TO STEP UP THROUGH THE HATCH NEVER SAW WHAT HIT HIM...



THE SOUND OF THE E-BOAT WAS DRAWING NEARER. BATTLER DIDN'T WAIT FOR THE SECOND GERMAN TO APPEAR. . .



LEAVING THE SECRET AGENT TO GUARD THE UNCONSCIOUS GERMANS, BATTLER CLATTERED BACK TO THE DECK AND BLEW A SHRILL SIGNAL ON HIS DINGHY WHISTLE. . .



## Battler Britton

AS THE WALRUS STOPPED, THE GAP NARROWED. BATTLE WAITED HIS CHANCE, AND THEN JUMPED...





BATTLER QUICKLY MADE HIS PRESENCE FELT ABOARD THE E-BOAT. . .

DER TEUFEL!  
GET ON TARGET, CAN'T  
YOU? HURRY, BEFORE HE  
WIPES US ALL OUT!



THEN IT HAPPENED. . .

AAAAGH!  
MY SHOULDER!  
I'M HIT!

TROUBLE  
BREWING BY CRACKY,  
AND THE GUN HAS  
JAMMED SOLID!



ABANDONING THE USELESS WEAPON,  
BATTLER HAULED THE WOUNDED  
PILOT TO ONE SIDE AND LEAPT INTO  
HIS SEAT. . .

JERRY'S CLOSING  
IN TO RAM! WELL, IF I'M  
QUICK I'LL MAKE HIM  
WISH HE HADN'T GATE-  
CRASHED THIS LITTLE  
PARTY!



OPENING THE THROTTLE WIDE BATTLE SWUNG THE RUDDER OF THE WALRUS HARD TO STARBOARD. . RIGHT ACROSS THE BOWS OF THE ONCOMING ENEMY. . .



THE GERMAN COMMANDER SAW HIS DANGER. . .



WITH A GRINDING CRASH THE BOWS OF THE E-BOAT, PROPELLED AT HIGH SPEED BY HER POWERFUL DIESELS, SMASHED INTO THE UNYIELDING SIDE OF THE HEAVY IRON BUOY. . .



THE BOWS OF THE LIGHTLY CONSTRUCTED BOAT WERE RIPPED TO MATCHWOOD. IN SECONDS HER SCREWS STILL RACING, THE STRICKEN CRAFT PLUNGED BENEATH THE WAVES. . .

O.K., Q.14, THEY'RE ALL YOURS, KEEP 'EM ON THE LOWER DECK WHERE WE CAN SEE 'EM!



## Battler Britton



# BATTLER BRITTON

AND THE

# Gold Ship

ON A DARK NIGHT IN THE WAR-TORN YEAR OF 1943 A FAST, ARMED GERMAN CARGO BOAT SLIPPED OUT OF CUXHAVEN, BOUND FOR SOUTH AMERICA. SHE CARRIED GOLD BULLION, A FORTUNE INTENDED TO FINANCE HITLER'S ESPIONAGE NETWORK IN NEUTRAL COUNTRIES.



THOUGH CLOAKED IN IRON-FISTED SECRECY, THE DEPARTURE OF THIS VESSEL AND HER MISSION NEVER ESCAPED THE ATTENTION OF BRITAIN'S LYNX-EYED ESPIONAGE SERVICE.

*Battler Britton*

TOWARDS DAWN OF THAT SAME NIGHT BATTLER BRITTON, THE R.A.F.'s PREMIER NIGHT FIGHTER, WAS PATROLLING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL WHEN SUDDENLY HIS EARPHONES CRACKLED WARNINGLY...

HALLO TIGER ONE...CALLING TIGER ONE...KEEP SHARP LOOKOUT FOR ENEMY SHIP TRAVELLING WEST.BELIEVED CARRYING GOLD BULLION DESTINATION SOUTH AMERICA.



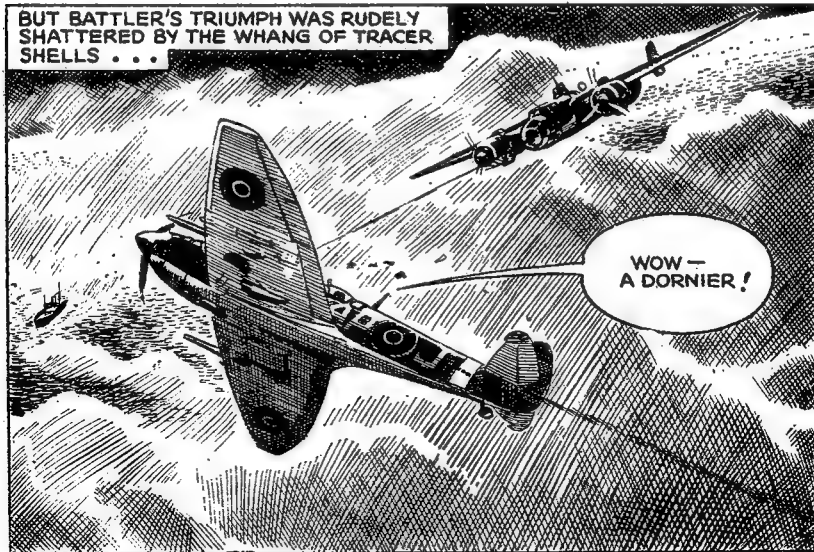
OKAY  
CONTROL.  
MESSAGE  
RECEIVED.

BATTLER DROPPED TO TWO THOUSAND FEET AND PATIENTLY SCANNED THE DARK WATERS BELOW UNTIL AT LAST...



THERE  
SHE IS -  
THE  
GOLD SHIP!

BUT BATTLER'S TRIUMPH WAS RUDELY SHATTERED BY THE WHANG OF TRACER SHELLS...



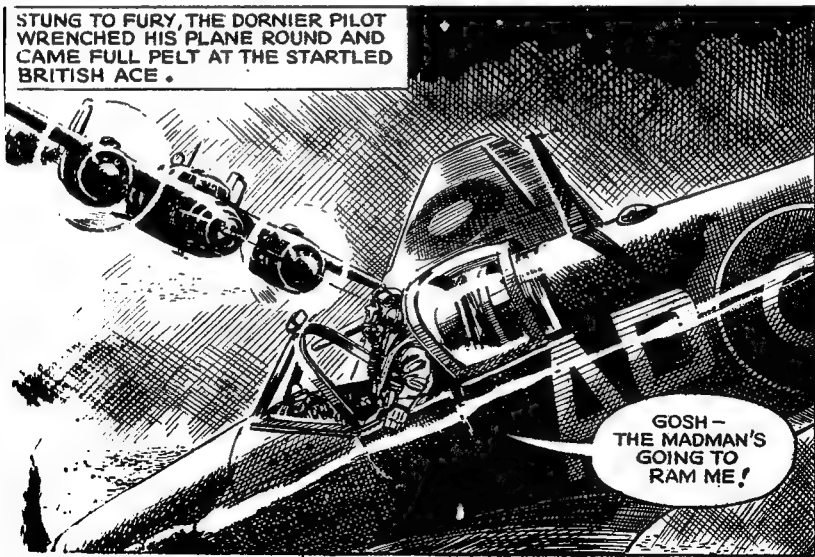
WOW -  
A DORNIER!



BATTLER YANKED THE STICK HARD BACK AND A MILLING DOG FIGHT TOOK PLACE .



STUNG TO FURY, THE DORNIER PILOT WRENCHED HIS PLANE ROUND AND CAME FULL PELT AT THE STARTLED BRITISH ACE .



BATTLER JUMPED IN THE NICK OF TIME AS THE TWO PLANES MET IN A BLINDING EXPLOSION AND PLUNGED SEAWARD.



THE NEXT MOMENT FATE PLAYED A STRANGE TRICK . . .



A SHARP LOOK UPWARD GAVE THE DANGLING BATTLER A NASTY TURN. IN A FLASH HE REALISED THAT HIS HARNESS HAD FOULED THE GOLD SHIP'S BARRAGE BALLOON.

OH —  
MY HAT!



HANGING HELPLESSLY FROM THIS SPINE-CHILLING POSITION, BATTLER STEELED HIMSELF TO LOOK DOWNWARD WHERE HE SAW THE TWO FURIOUSLY BURNING PLANES LANDING SQUARELY ON THE SHIP'S DECK.

EVERYTHING  
HAPPENS  
TO ME!



FROM HIS DIZZY PERCH BATTLER SAW THE FRANTIC CREW ABANDON SHIP TO ESCAPE BEING ROASTED ALIVE. A FURTHER SHOCK CAME WHEN HE REALISED THEY HADN'T EVEN WAITED TO STOP THE SHIP'S ENGINES.



HELD SECURELY BY THE TWISTED RIGGING AND JAMMED HARNESS OF HIS PARACHUTE, BATTLER WAS TOWED ALONG BY THE BLAZING AND CREWLESS SHIP.

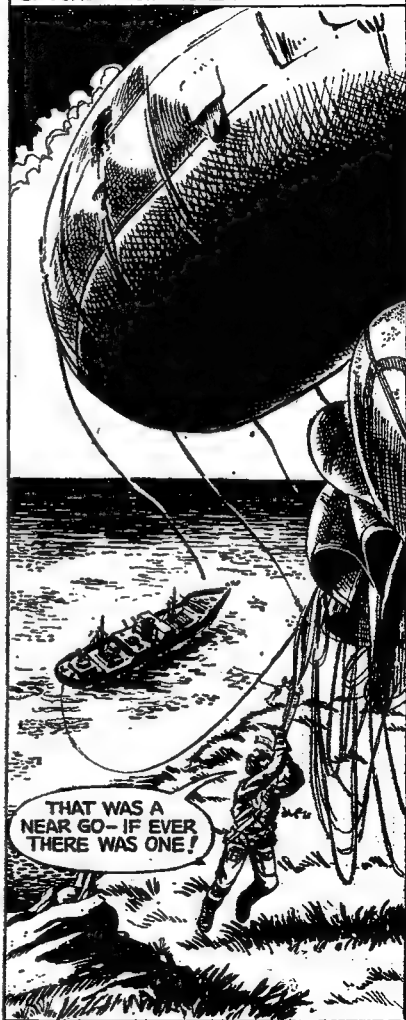


BY DAYLIGHT THE RUNAWAY VESSEL HAD RUN AGROUND ON THE FRENCH COAST. TO BATTLER'S RELIEF THE BURNING PLANES HAD TOPPLED INTO THE SEA LEAVING A CHARRED DECK.

LUCKY THING  
THERE'S AN ONSHORE  
WIND BLOWING



THE BREEZE OBLIGINGLY WASTED THE DEFLATING BALLOON LANDWARD AND BATTLER WAS ABLE TO CUT HIMSELF FREE, THANKFUL TO FEEL FIRM GROUND ONCE MORE.



THAT WAS A  
NEAR GO- IF EVER  
THERE WAS ONE!

AS THE BALLOON CAME TO REST THE CONNECTING CABLE GAVE BATTLER AN IDEA. LASHING IT TO A TREE HE IMPROVISED A BOS'N'S CHAIR.

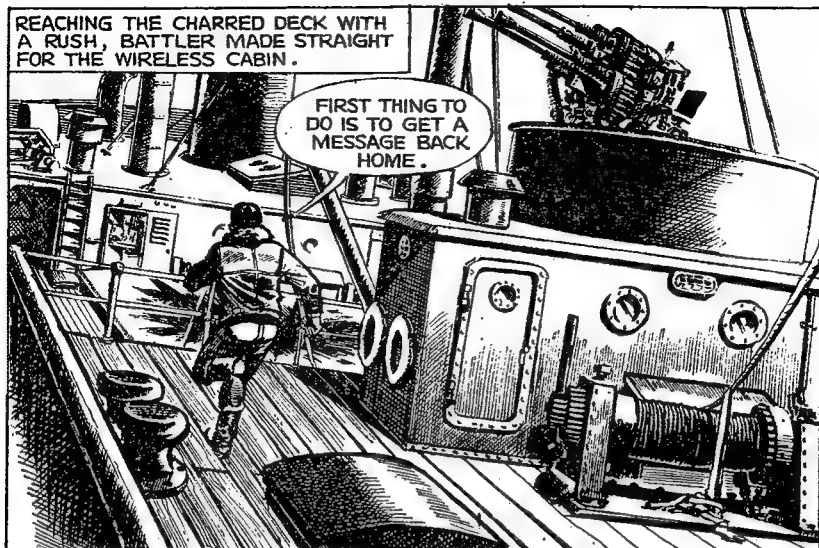
IF THIS CRAZY GEAR WILL HOLD, I CAN SLIDE BACK ON TO THE SHIP AND GET TO THE WIRELESS CABIN.



THE RESOURCEFUL AIR-ACE WAS SOON WHIZZING DOWN TO THE SHIP WHICH WAS STUCK FAST ON THE SANDBANK.







## Battler Britton

BATTLER'S SHREWD INSTINCTS WERE RIGHT. THE ENEMY HAD ALSO PICKED UP HIS SIGNAL AND BY THE AFTERNOON THEY HAD FOUND HIM.



A SUDDEN CRACKLE OF SMALL-ARMS FIRE MADE BATTLER SPIN ROUND. A GERMAN ARMED TRAWLER WAS PAYING HIM A MOST UNWELCOME VISIT!



THE POSITION WAS INFURIATING TO THE COMMANDING OFFICER ON THE CLIFF-TOP . . .



WHILE THE TRAWLER CAPTAIN'S POSITION WAS JUST AS EXASPERATING!



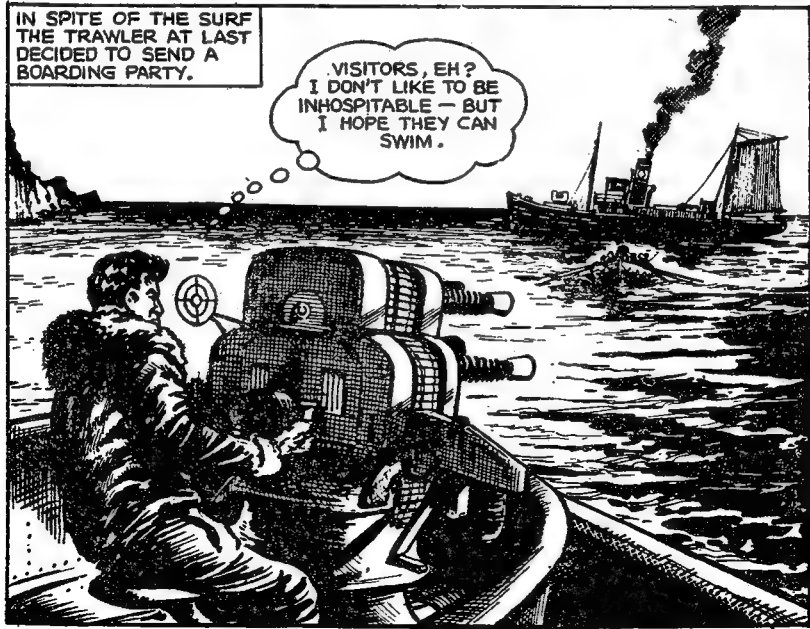
STARING THROUGH BINOCULARS  
BATTLER COULD READ THEIR  
MINDS AND SUDDENLY HE SAW  
THE FUNNY SIDE OF IT.

THAT'S GOT 'EM FOXED.  
I BET THEIR BRAINS ARE  
CREAKING LIKE RUSTY OLD  
HINGES. BUT I WISH OUR  
BOYS WOULD SHOW  
UP.



IN SPITE OF THE SURF  
THE TRAWLER AT LAST  
DECIDED TO SEND A  
BOARDING PARTY.

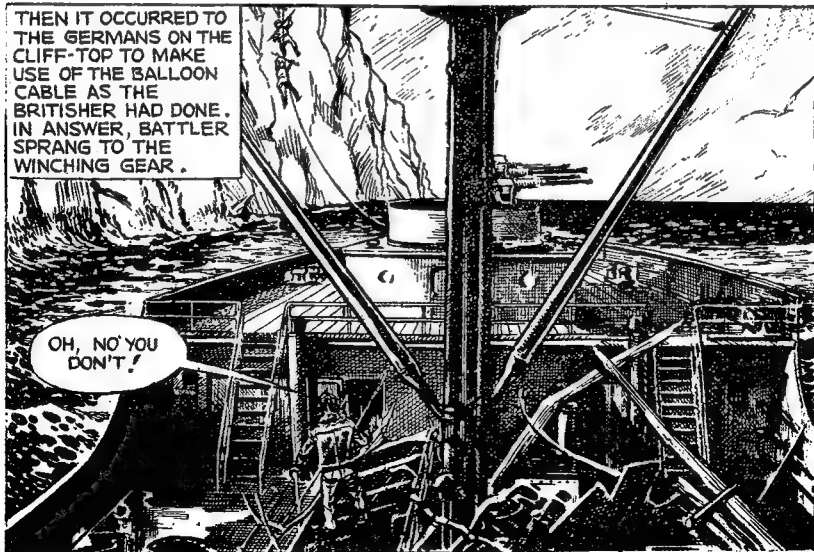
VISITORS, EH?  
I DON'T LIKE TO BE  
INHOSPITABLE — BUT  
I HOPE THEY CAN  
SWIM.



BATTLER'S FIRST BURST RIPPED JAGGED HOLES BELOW THE WATER-LINE OF THE APPROACHING BOAT.



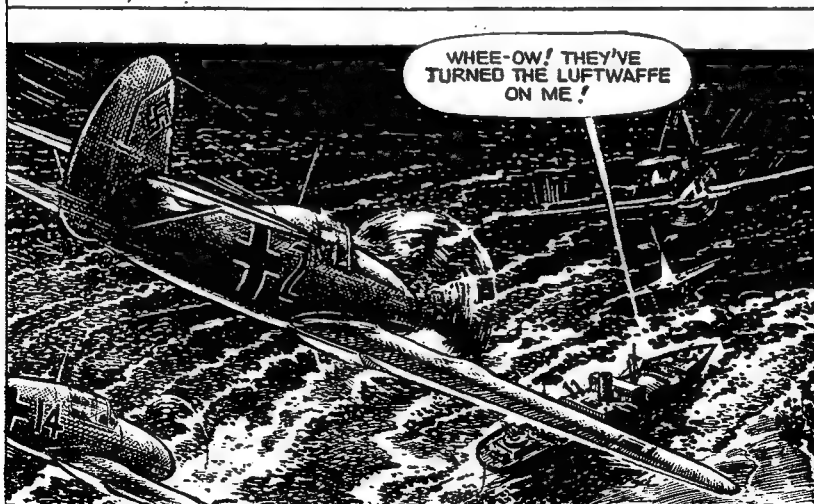
THEN IT OCCURRED TO THE GERMANS ON THE CLIFF-TOP TO MAKE USE OF THE BALLOON CABLE AS THE BRITISHER HAD DONE. IN ANSWER, BATTLER SPRANG TO THE WINCHING GEAR.



BATTLER GRABBED THE LEVER — WITH MOST GRATIFYING RESULTS.

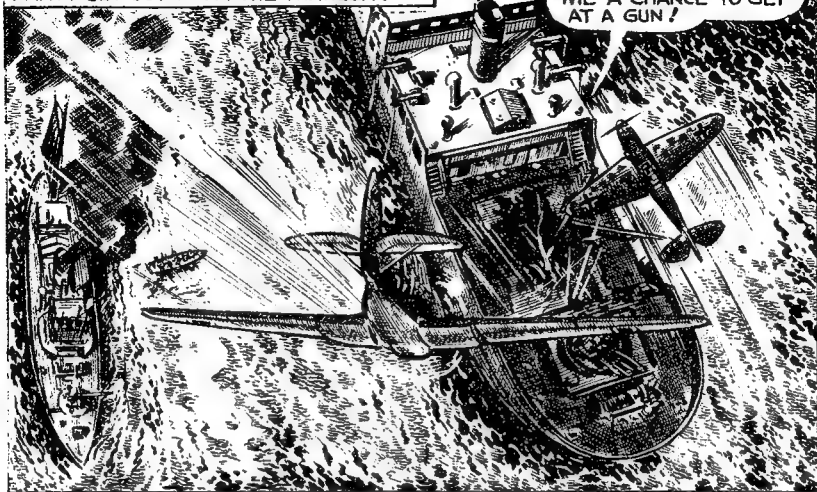


THE THREE SOLDIERS HAD BARELY HIT THE WATER WHEN A FRESH ATTACK OPENED UP, THIS TIME FROM GUN-SPUTTERING ENEMY FIGHTER PLANES.



THE ENEMY PLANES' REPEATED ATTACKS KEPT BATTLER'S HEAD DOWN WHILE A SECOND BOARDING PARTY SET OUT FROM THE TRAWLER.

THESE DARNED PLANES DON'T GIVE ME A CHANCE TO GET AT A GUN!



THE ENEMY PLAN WOULD HAVE SUCCEEDED — BUT FOR THE TIMELY ARRIVAL OF BATTLER'S SQUADRON WHO CAME SCREAMING INTO THE ATTACK. BATTLER WASTED NO TIME JOINING IN THE FUN AND GAMES.





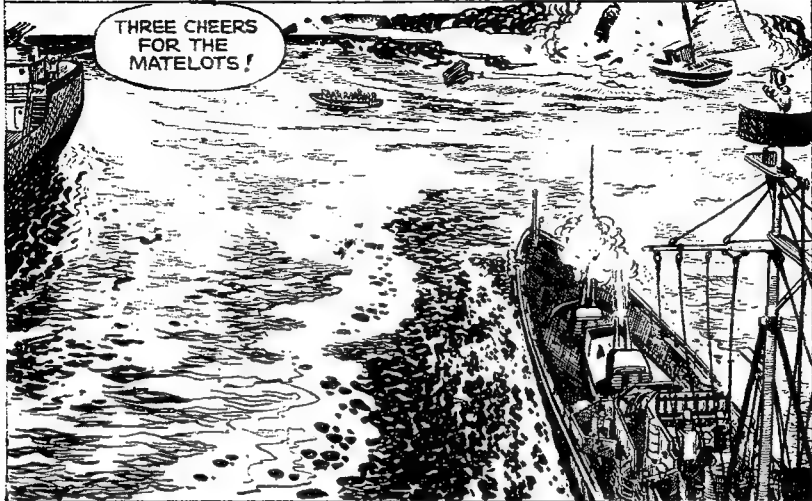
*Battler Britton*

THE TRAWLER WILTED AND FLED BEFORE THE COMBINED FIRE OF BATTLER'S MULTIPLE GUNS AND THE SPITFIRES, LEAVING HER BOARDING PARTY TO DIVE FOR THEIR LIVES.



SUDDENLY A SALVO OF SHELLS CRASHING INTO THE GERMAN TRAWLER HERALDED THE APPROACH OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

THREE CHEERS  
FOR THE  
MATELOTS !



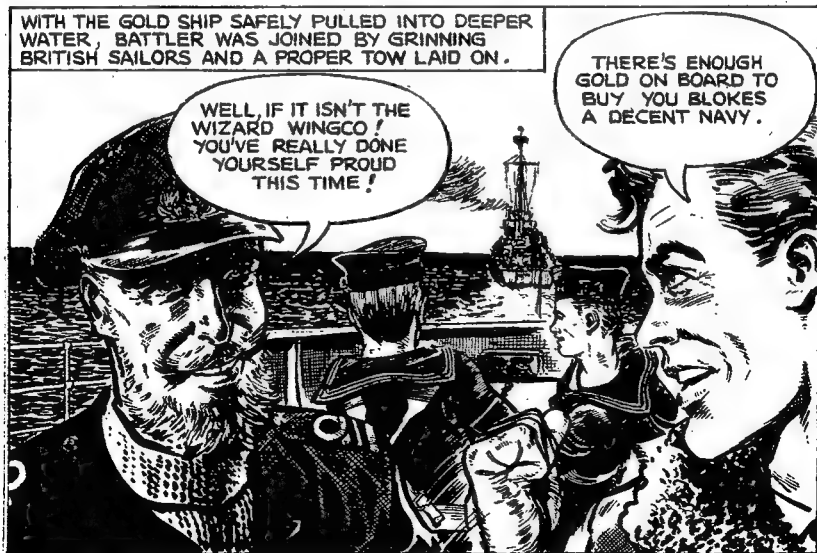
A SECOND SALVO FROM THOSE FIERCE GUNS HIT THE CLIFF FACE AND THE SOLDIERS DISAPPEARED LIKE MAGIC.



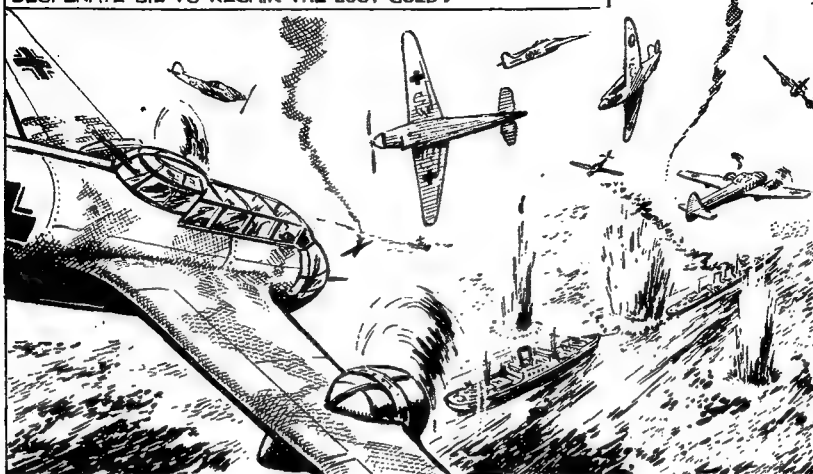
SOON THE BRITISH DESTROYER CLOSED TO THE GOLD SHIP, AND SHOT ABOARD A HEAVING LINE WHICH BATTLER GRABBED WITH ENTHUSIASM.



WITH THE GOLD SHIP SAFELY PULLED INTO DEEPER WATER, BATTLER WAS JOINED BY GRINNING BRITISH SAILORS AND A PROPER TOW LAID ON.



BUT THE BRITISHERS WERE NOT HOME YET. INCENSED AT THIS IMPUDENT CAPTURE OF THEIR IMMENSE TREASURE, THE GERMANS MOUNTED A SEA AND AIR ATTACK IN A DESPERATE BID TO REGAIN THE LOST GOLD.



SUDDENLY THE SHARP DREADED CRY RANG OUT...



WITH UNCANNY MARKSMANSHIP BATTLER PEPPERED THE PATH OF THE SIZZLING TORPEDO UNTIL ONE LAST UNERRING SHELL SMASHED IT TO SPLINTERS.



IN THE NEXT TEN MINUTES THE ENEMY GOT A SEVERE MAULING.



THE ATTACK BEGAN TO WAVER, WOBBLE AND FINALLY FALL AWAY. THE BRITISHERS STEAMED ON IN TRIUMPH, LEAVING A SNARLING ENEMY TO LICK ITS WOUNDS.



THE NEWS OF BATTLER'S INCREDIBLE EXPLOIT HAD BEEN FLASHED HOME. THERE TO MEET THEIR TRIUMPHANT ENTRY INTO HARBOUR, TOWING THE WAR'S RICHEST PRIZE, WAS A THRONG OF EXCITED PEOPLE, EAGER FOR A GLIMPSE OF BATTLER'S LEGENDARY FIGURE AS HE STOOD BESIDE THE DESTROYER'S CAPTAIN.



# BATTLER BRITTON

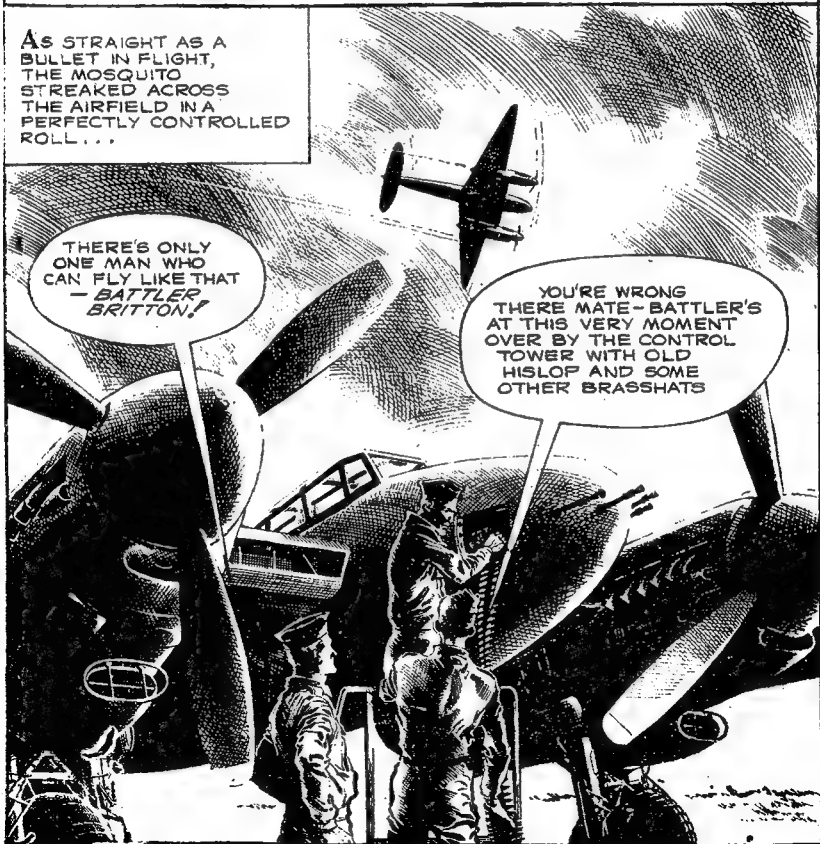
AND THE

# Wizard Pilot

AS STRAIGHT AS A BULLET IN FLIGHT, THE MOSQUITO STREAKED ACROSS THE AIRFIELD IN A PERFECTLY CONTROLLED ROLL...

THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN WHO CAN FLY LIKE THAT — **BATTLER BRITTON!**

YOU'RE WRONG THERE MATE — **BATTLER'S** AT THIS VERY MOMENT OVER BY THE CONTROL TOWER WITH OLD HISLOP AND SOME OTHER BRASSHATS





THE THIRD AIRCRAFTMAN SPOKE UP - EAGER TO GET IN HIS OWN TIT-BIT OF INFORMATION . . .

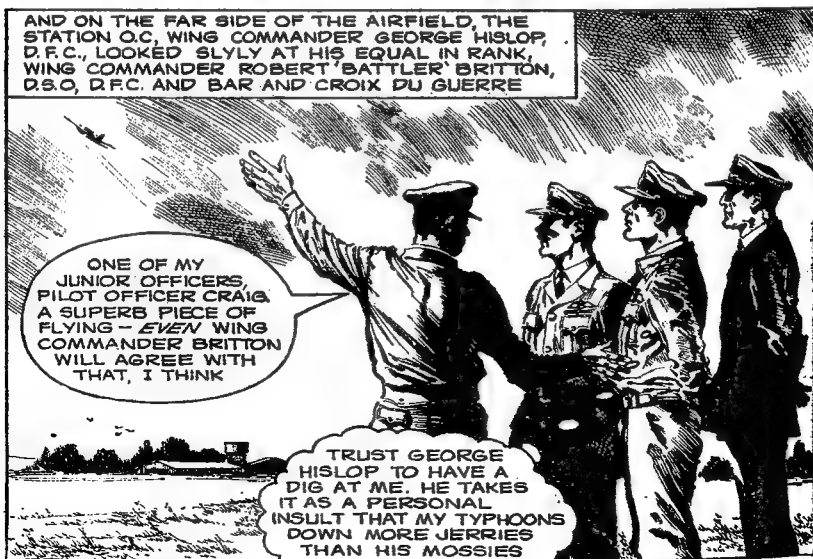
I 'EARD 'ISLOP'S FULL O' BEANS TODAY - 'E'S GOT A NEW PILOT POSTED 'ERE FROM TRAINING SCHOOL. 'E'S A NATURAL, THEY SAY. THAT MUST BE 'IM SHOWING OFF 'IS PACES FOR THE BENEFIT O' THE OLD MAN'S VISITORS



AND ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE AIRFIELD, THE STATION O.C., WING COMMANDER GEORGE HISLOP, D.F.C., LOOKED SLYLY AT HIS EQUAL IN RANK, WING COMMANDER ROBERT 'BATTLER' BRITTON, D.S.O, D.F.C. AND BAR AND CROIX DU GUERRE

ONE OF MY JUNIOR OFFICERS, PILOT OFFICER CRAIG, A SUPERB PIECE OF FLYING - EVEN WING COMMANDER BRITTON WILL AGREE WITH THAT, I THINK

TRUST GEORGE HISLOP TO HAVE A DIG AT ME. HE TAKES IT AS A PERSONAL INSULT THAT MY TYPHOONS DOWN MORE JERRIES THAN HIS MOSSIES



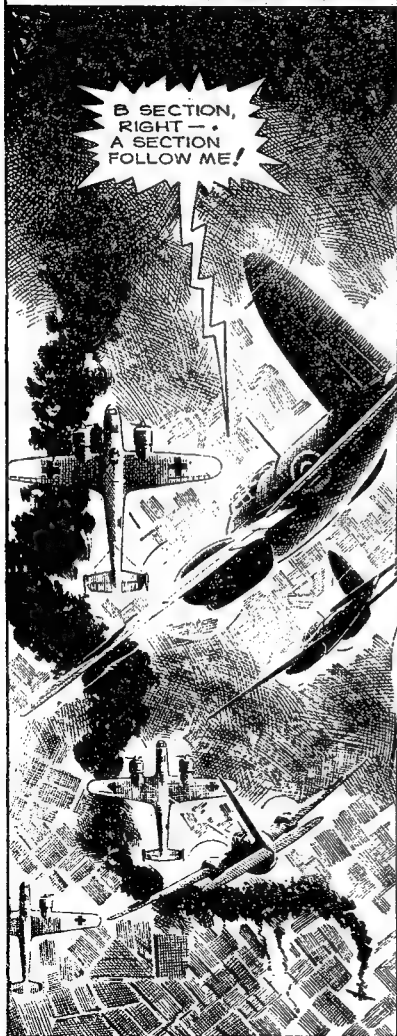
THE SENIOR OFFICERS STROLLED OVER TOWARDS THE TARMAC AS THE MOSQUITO TAXIED IN AFTER LANDING. HISLOP FELL IN BESIDE BATTLE BRITTON...



PILOT OFFICER ROGER CRAIG PROVED TO BE A NEAT, SLIGHTLY SUPERCILIOUS YOUNG MAN...



IN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, HISLOP'S SQUADRON OF MOSQUITO LONG RANGE FIGHTERS SEEMED TO GATHER FRESH VIGOUR FROM PILOT OFFICER CRAIG'S SHINING EXAMPLE



RANGING DEEP INTO ENEMY TERRITORY IN REGIONS BEYOND THE REACH OF SINGLE-ENGINE FIGHTERS, THE MOSQUITOS CLAIMED MANY VICTIMS ON THE GERMAN'S OWN AIRFIELDS



SUCH WAS THEIR SUCCESS, THAT WING COMMANDER HISLOP RECEIVED THE PERSONAL CONGRATULATIONS OF GROUP CAPTAIN CHARTERS . . .

YOUR MEN HAVE DONE A FINE JOB, HISLOP—KEEP IT UP! NOW, I NEED ONE OF YOUR AIRCRAFT FOR A SPECIAL MISSION—WING COMMANDER BRITTON IS TO FLY IT

IS THAT NECESSARY, SIR? MY PILOTS HAVE PROVED THEMSELVES SECOND TO NONE—AND I RESPECTFULLY REQUEST THAT ONE OF THEM, NAMELY, PILOT OFFICER CRAIG, BE GIVEN THE JOB



EAGER TO PRESS THE CLAIMS OF HIS PROTEGE; HISLOP HURRIEDLY WENT ON . . .

CRAIG'S AS GOOD AS BRITTON ANY TIME AND HE FLIES THE MOSQUITO AS IF IT WERE DESIGNED FOR HIM. YOU COULDN'T DO BETTER, SIR

H'MM! IT SHOULD BE A STRAIGHT THOUGH DIFFICULT THOUGH BOMBING MISSION. VERY WELL, HISLOP—CRAIG CAN PILOT THE MOSQUITO AND YOU MAY REGARD IT AS A REWARD FOR YOUR SQUADRON'S GOOD WORK



GEORGE HISLOP CONDUCTED THE BRIEFING WITH RELISH, FOR TO ADD TO HIS SMALL TRIUMPH, BATTLER BRITTON WAS THERE, HAVING BEEN DETAILED TO ACT AS ESCORT WITH HIS TYPHOONS...

THIS IS THE FRENCH PORT OF SIMONDE, CONTAINING THE ONLY FLOATING DOCK CAPABLE OF HOLDING THE BIG GERMAN BATTLE CRUISERS. THAT DOCK MUST BE DESTROYED, BUT THE RUN UP TO IT IS ONE OF THE MOST HEAVILY DEFENDED IN EUROPE



SURPRISE IS THE ELEMENT THAT MEANS SUCCESS FOR THIS OPERATION. THE MOSQUITO WILL ONLY BE ABLE TO MAKE ONE RUN BEFORE THE DEFENCES ARE ALERTED, SO IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT THE ESCORT KEEP ANY PATROLLING ENEMY AIRCRAFT OFF CRAIG'S BACK ON THAT BOMBING RUN - IS THAT UNDERSTOOD, WING-COMMANDER BRITTON?



NATURALLY, YOU CAN RELY ON MY TYPHOONS FOR THAT

PILOT OFFICER CRAIG TOOK THE MOSQUITO FIGHTER-BOMBER AT ZERO FEET ACROSS THE SEA WHILE THE TYPHOONS FLEW HIGH ON A COURSE PLOTTED TO REACH SIMONDE SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH IT...



THE COURSES INTERSECTED PRECISELY ON SCHEDULE AS THE MOSQUITO ROCKETED IN FROM THE SEA ON ITS BOMBING RUN...



THE MOSQUITO FLASHED TOWARDS THE GIANT FLOATING DOCK - AND SCARCELY A GUN HAD FIRED. CRAIG THUMPED THE BOMB-RELEASE BUTTON - AND NOTHING HAPPENED!



HIGH ABOVE, BATTLER BRITTON HEARD CRAIG'S DISMAYED VOICE OVER THE RADIO...

HALLO, ABLE ONE,  
REDWIN CALLING.  
BOMB HUNG UP -  
AFRAID OPERATION  
HAS FAILED.  
OVER

HALLO, REDWING,  
ABLE ONE CALLING.  
IF WE DRAW OFF THE  
FLAK, ARE YOU GAME  
TO HAVE ANOTHER  
TRY? OVER

FOR A FEW MOMENTS THERE WAS NO REPLY,  
AND THEN, AS THE TYPHOONS CIRCLED ABOVE  
BIMONDE, CAME A HESITANT ASSENT...

HALLO, ABLE ONE,  
REDWING CALLING.  
V-VERY WELL,  
WHAT ARE YOUR  
INSTRUCTIONS?  
OVER

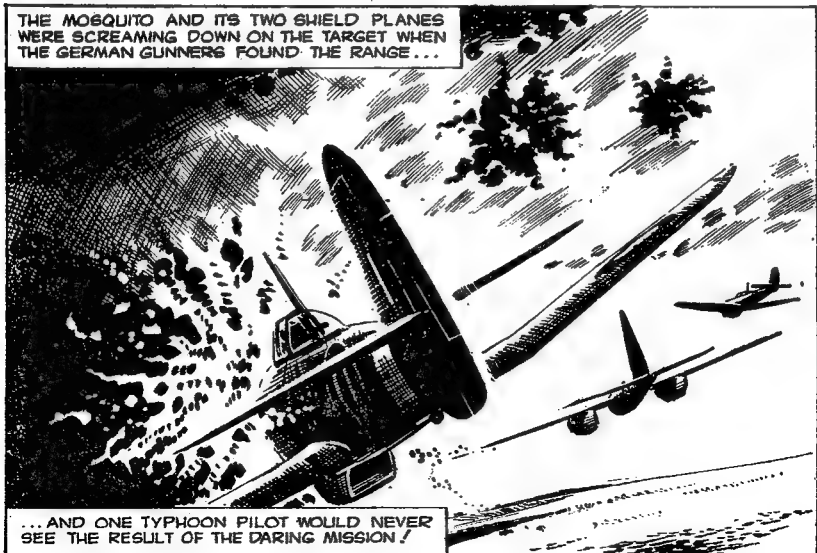
GOOD MAN! YOU  
WILL FLY TIGHT  
BETWEEN TWO OF  
US - BEFORE THEY  
HIT YOU THEY'LL HAVE  
TO DOWN US FIRST!  
THE REST OF MY BOYS  
WILL SHOOT UP ALL  
VISIBLE FLAK! OUT



AT THEIR LEADERS' COMMAND, FOUR OF THE TYPHOONS LED THE WAY IN A HAIR-RAISING DIVE AT THE HARBOUR, THEIR CANNONS HAMMERING AWAY AT THE GERMAN A.A. GUNS...

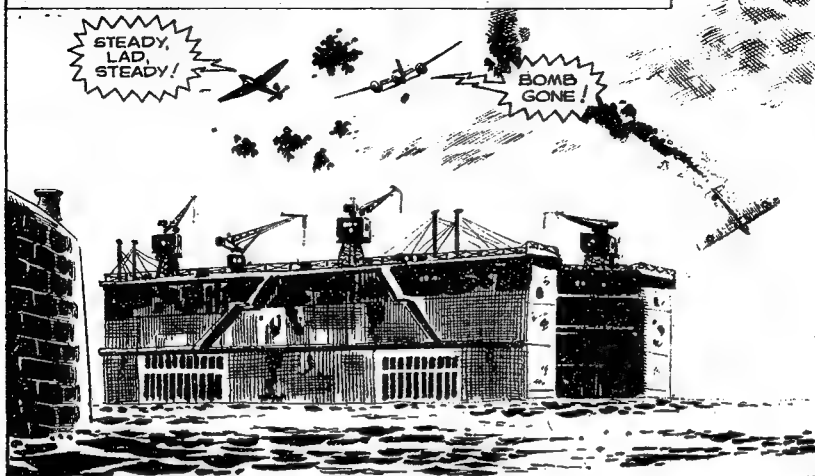


THE MOSQUITO AND ITS TWO SHIELD PLANES WERE SCREAMING DOWN ON THE TARGET WHEN THE GERMAN GUNNERS FOUND THE RANGE...

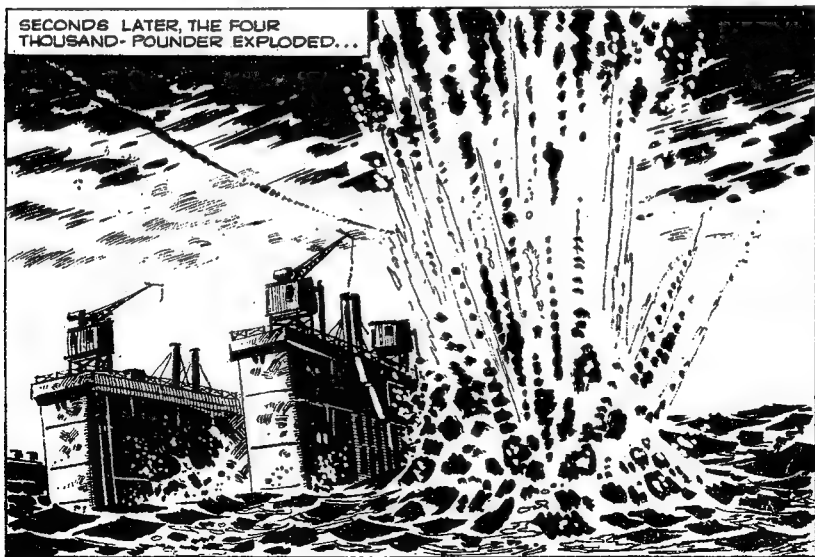


...AND ONE TYPHOON PILOT WOULD NEVER SEE THE RESULT OF THE DARING MISSION!

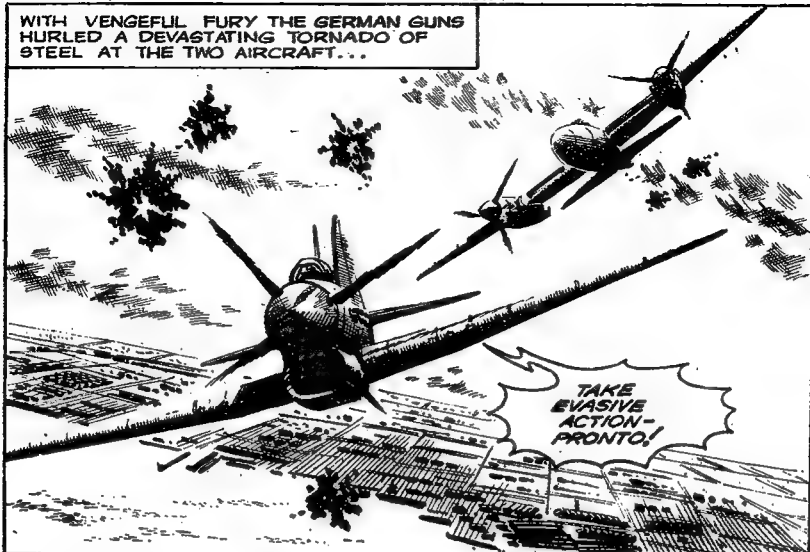
ANOTHER SHELL BURST CLOSE BY AS ROGER CRAIG PRESSED THE BOMB RELEASE AGAIN- AND WHETHER IT WAS THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION OR A NERVOUS REACTION OF THE PILOT, THE MOSQUITO ROCKED VIOLENTLY. THIS TIME THE BOMB FELL...



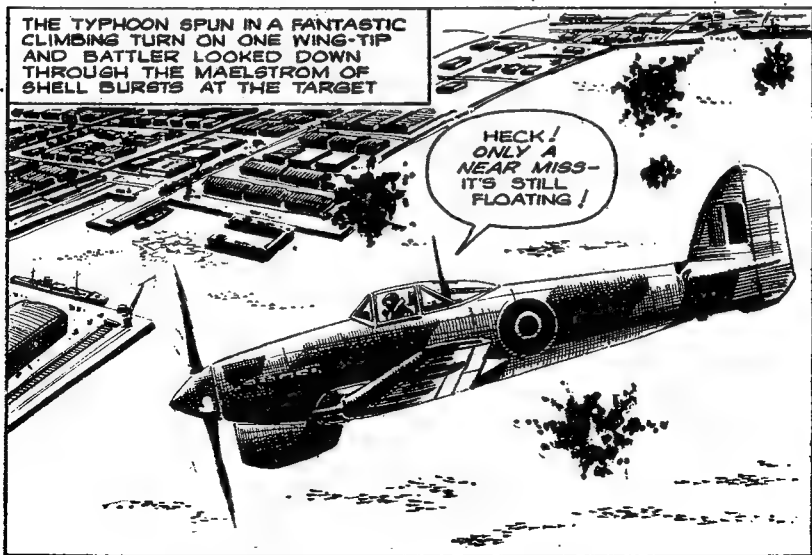
SECONDS LATER, THE FOUR THOUSAND- POUNDER EXPLODED...



WITH VENGEFUL FURY THE GERMAN GUNS  
HURLED A DEVASTATING TORNADO OF  
STEEL AT THE TWO AIRCRAFT...

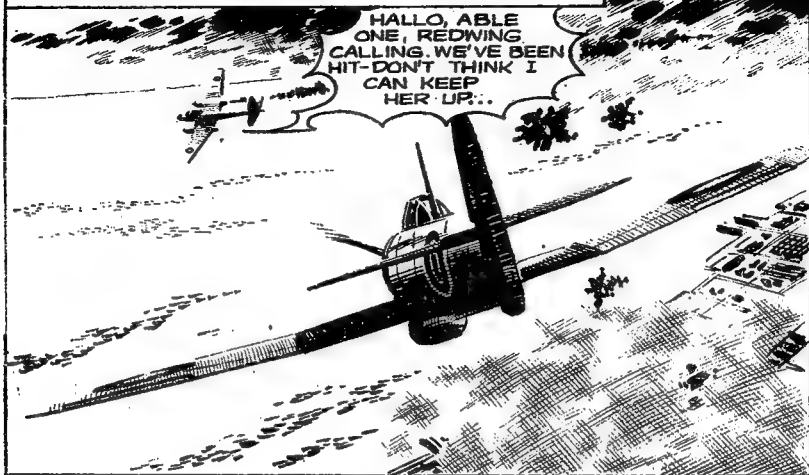


THE TYPHOON SPUN IN A FANTASTIC  
CLIMBING TURN ON ONE WING-TIP  
AND BATTLER LOOKED DOWN  
THROUGH THE MAELSTROM OF  
SHELL BURSTS AT THE TARGET



THE FEARLESS ACE SWUNG HIS PLANE ROUND, JINKING CRAZILY TO EVADE THE STILL FEROCIOUS FIRE OF THE ENEMY. AHEAD OF HIM HE SUDDENLY SAW THE MOSQUITO HIT...

HALLO, ABLE ONE, REDWING CALLING. WE'VE BEEN HIT-DON'T THINK I CAN KEEP HER UP..

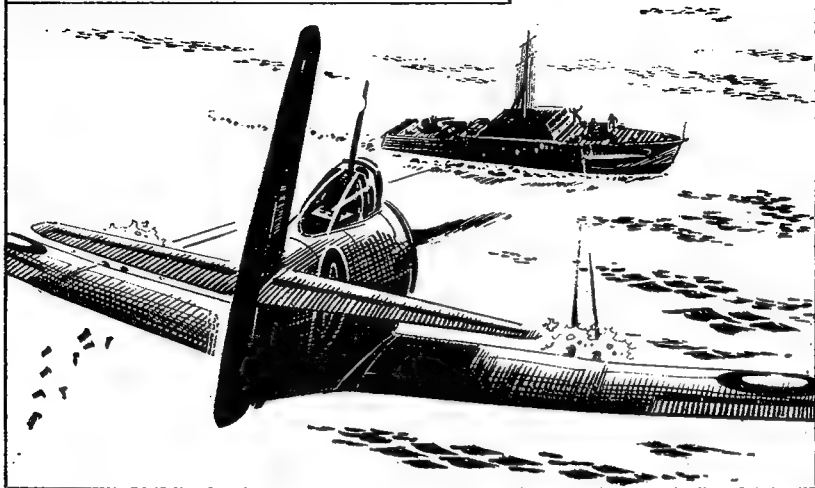


BATTLER'S TYPHOON RACED AFTER THE LIMPING MOSQUITO AS IT CLEARED THE HARBOUR MOUTH-BUT THE DAMAGED PLANE WAS LOSING ALTITUDE ALL THE TIME...

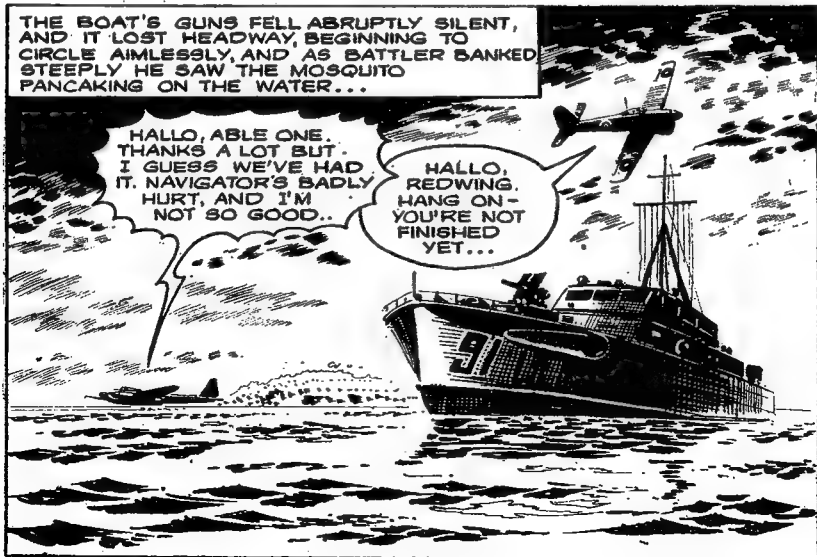
A JERRY E-BOAT FIRING AT THEM-THAT'S HITTING A MAN WHEN HE'S DOWN!



HE RACED PAST THE STRICKEN PLANE  
AND THE TYPHOONS CANNON RIPPED THE  
DECK OF THE GERMAN E-BOAT



THE BOAT'S GUNS FELL ABRUPTLY SILENT,  
AND IT LOST HEADWAY, BEGINNING TO  
CIRCLE AIMLESSLY, AND AS BATTLER BANKED  
STEEPLY HE SAW THE MOSQUITO  
PANCACKING ON THE WATER...



HALLO, ABLE ONE.  
THANKS A LOT BUT  
I GUESS WE'VE HAD  
IT. NAVIGATOR'S BADLY  
HURT, AND I'M  
NOT SO GOOD..

HALLO,  
REDWING.  
HANG ON-  
YOU'RE NOT  
FINISHED  
YET...

BATTLER BRITTON WAS COMPLETELY INCAPABLE OF LEAVING HIS FELLOW-PILOTS TO THEIR FATE-AND THE GLIMMERINGS OF A WILD SCHEME WERE BEGINNING TO FORM IN HIS MIND...

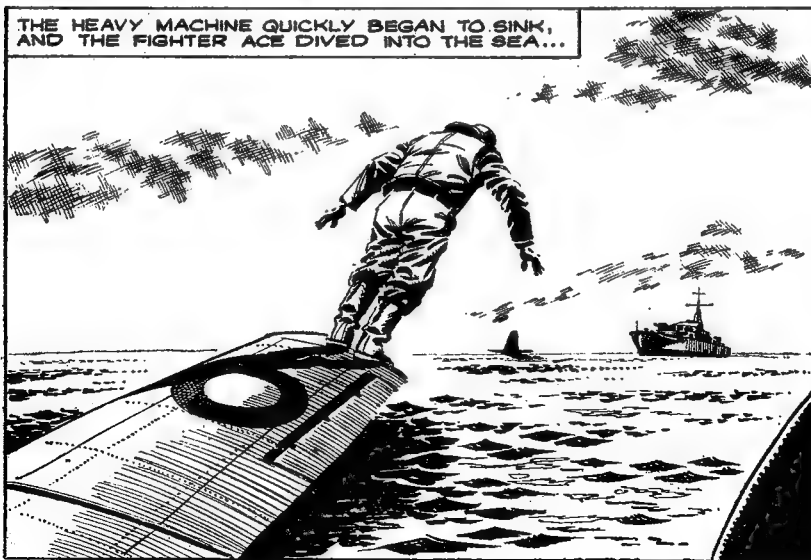
THEY'LL GO DOWN WITH THAT MOSSIE IF I DON'T DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT...



THERE WERE STILL ONLY SIGNS OF FEEBLE MOVEMENT IN THE CABIN OF THE MOSQUITO-AND REDUCING THE TYPHOON'S SPEED TO STALLING POINT, BATTLER PUT THE FIGHTER DOWN ON THE WATER



THE HEAVY MACHINE QUICKLY BEGAN TO SINK, AND THE FIGHTER ACE DIVED INTO THE SEA...



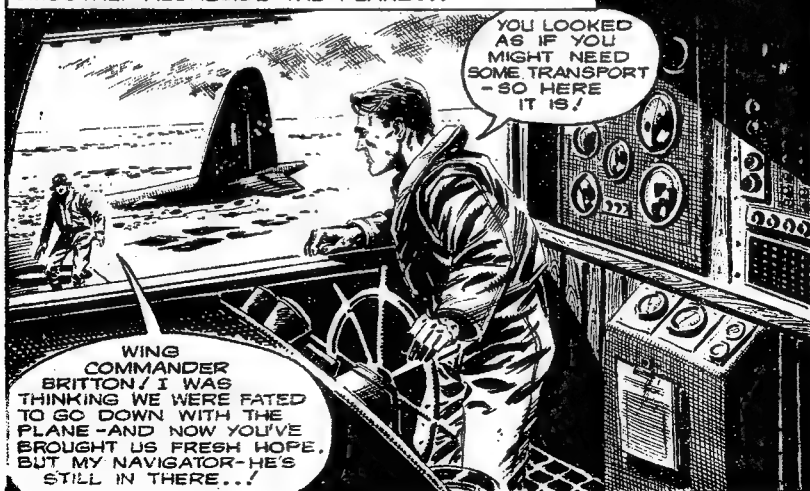
HE CLEAVED THROUGH THE WATER IN A FLURRY OF FOAM AND CAUTIOUSLY HAULED HIMSELF UP THE SIDE OF THE GERMAN E-BOAT...



BATTLER FOUND THREE OF THE BOAT'S CREW STILL ABOARD BUT THEY WERE WOUNDED AND OUT OF ACTION. IN A FEW MINUTES HE GOT THE E-BOAT UNDER WAY, SURGING TOWARDS THE PARTLY SUBMERGED MOSQUITO...



EXPERTLY HANDLED BY THE ACE OF LAND, SEA AND AIR, THE POWERFUL TORPEDO BOAT SLID SMOOTHLY ALONGSIDE THE PLANE...





IT WAS THE WORK OF MOMENTS FOR BATTLER TO EXTRICATE THE WOUNDED NAVIGATOR AND SETTLE HIM COMFORTABLY ABOARD THE CAPTURED VESSEL



BUT BATTLER SHOOK HIS HEAD. THE LIGHT OF BATTLE SHINING IN HIS EYES BODED ILL FOR THE ENEMY

NO, BECAUSE THAT DOCK'S STILL AFLOAT! WE HAVE IN OUR HANDS THE MEANS OF SINKING IT~AND WE'RE GOING TO DO JUST THAT!



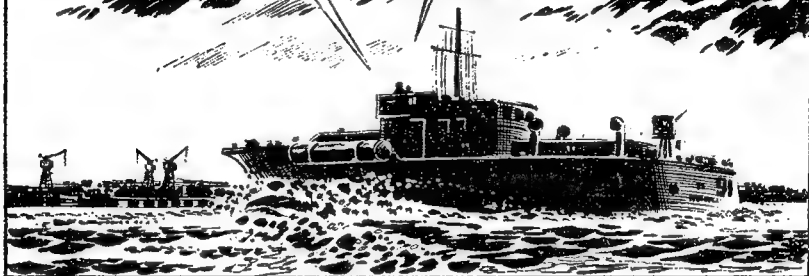
BEFORE THE STARTLED YOUNG OFFICER COULD QUESTION HIM FURTHER, BATTLER LEAPT TO THE CONTROLS OF THE FAST E-BOAT AND SWUNG IT TOWARDS THE NEARBY FRENCH COAST...



SOON THE VESSEL ROUNDED A HEADLAND AND MOVED BOLDLY TOWARDS THE HARBOUR OF SIMONDE.

FETCH ME A  
UNIFORM HAT  
AND JACKET FROM  
ONE OF THE CREW,  
CRAIG~JUST IN  
CASE SOMEONE  
ASHORE LOOKS  
US OVER TOO  
CLOSELY

R-RIGHT,  
SIR!



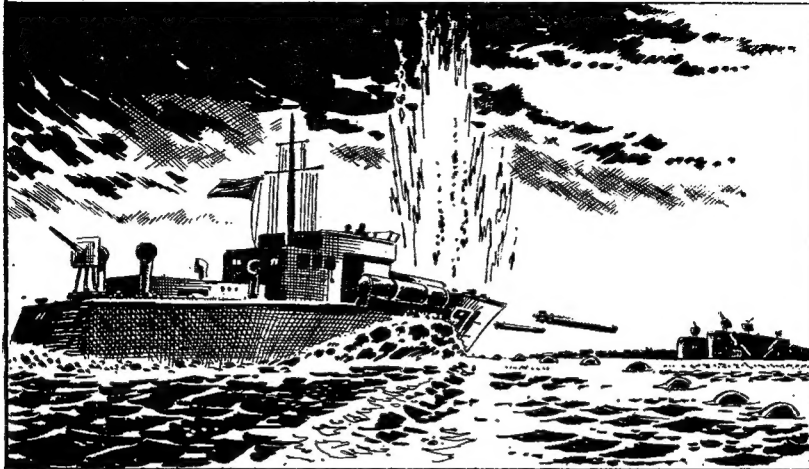
SIGNAL LAMPS DEMANDING IDENTIFICATION BEGAN TO WINK FROM THE SHORE~BUT BATTLER BRITTON IGNORED THEM. THE E-BOAT WAS CLOSE IN NOW~ WITHIN THE VERY JAWS OF THE GERMAN DEFENCES

THERE'S THE INNER  
DEFENCE BOOM~WE'LL  
NOT GET PAST THAT.  
HANG ON TO THE  
NAVIGATOR, CRAIG~  
THINGS ARE GOING  
TO MOVE FAST  
IN A COUPLE  
OF SHAKES!

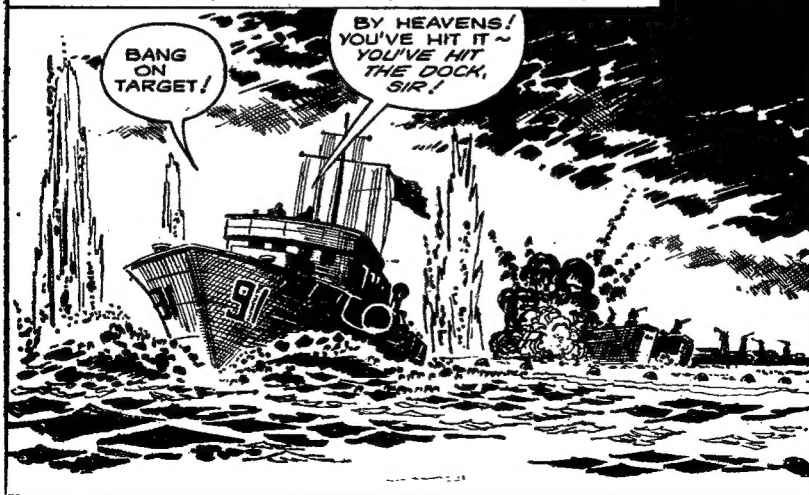


## Battler Britton

SUDDENLY, A WARNING SHOT FROM THE ALARMED DEFENCES SPLASHED INTO THE SEA CLOSE BEFORE THE KNIFE-EDGED BOWS OF THE E-BOAT AND AT THAT SAME MOMENT, BATTLER SENT TWO SLIM, DEADLY TORPEDOES SLICING ACROSS THE TOP OF THE BOOM NET...



A VAST SURGE OF POWER DROVE THE GERMAN TORPEDO BOAT IN A TIGHT, SKIDDING TURN AWAY FROM THE BOOM~ AND AS IT DID SO, THE TORPEDOES STRUCK HOME!



TWO TONS OF HIGH EXPLOSIVE RIPPED THE FLOATING DOCK WIDE OPEN, AND FRAGMENTS OF THE WRECKAGE SPLATTERED THE WHOLE OF THE DOCK BASIN, MIXING WITH THE HAIL OF DESTRUCTION BEING HURLED AT THE FLEEING E-BOAT...



BATTLER BRITTON TOOK THE CAPTURED E-BOAT OUT OF SIMONDE HARBOUR AT CLOSE ON FORTY KNOTS, WEAVING VIOLENTLY TO THROW THE GERMAN GUNNERS OFF THEIR MARKS...

WE CERTAINLY SEEM TO HAVE ANNOYED THEM!



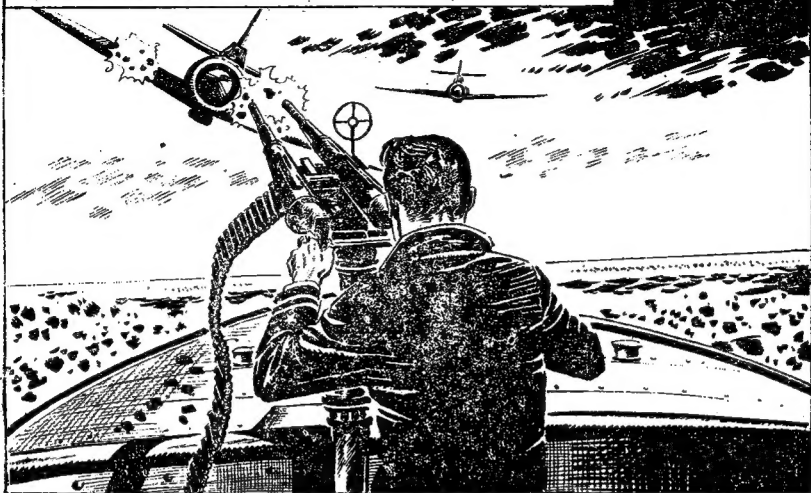
BUT EVEN AS THEY CLEARED THE COAST, BATTLE-SCARRED BUT UNBEATEN, ENEMY FIGHTERS TOOK UP THE VENGEFUL PURSUIT...

ENEMY FIGHTERS, SIR... COMING UP ASTERN!

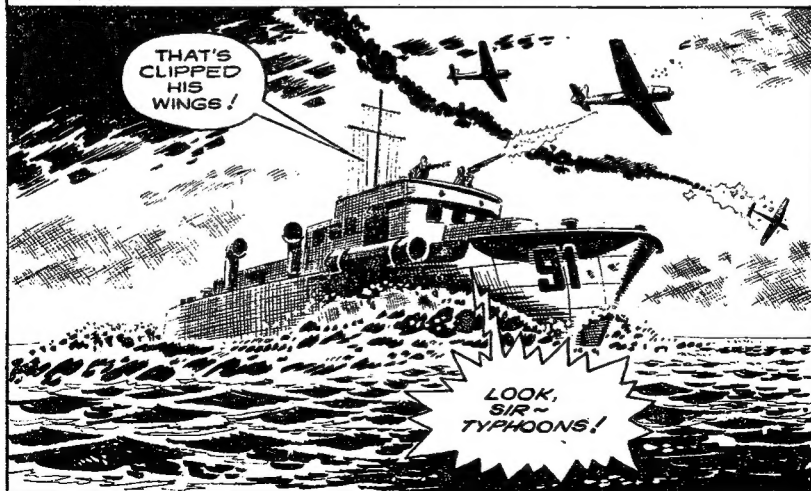


COME AND TAKE THE WHEEL, LAD~ WHILE I HAVE A CRACK AT THEM. WE'RE NOT GOING TO BE BEATEN NOW!

BATTLER FLUNG HIMSELF BEHIND THE TWIN MACHINE GUNS MOUNTED FORWARD AS THE FW 190'S BORE IN, CANNONS POUNDING MERCILESSLY...



THE DEADLY ACCURATE FIRE FROM BATTLER BRITTON'S GUNS FOLLOWED THE LEADING ENEMY FIGHTER THROUGH ITS ARC OF ATTACK, BITING DEEP INTO ITS FUSELAGE...



AND AS THE TYPHOONS PUT THE TWO REMAINING GERMANS TO HURRIED FLIGHT, PILOT OFFICER CRAIG LOOKED AT BATTLER BRITTON WITH FEELINGS APPROACHING AWE AND WONDER...



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